

## THE RECOVERY.

A Story of Kentucky.

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(Continued from Page 10.)

"Oh, Harry," she said, "I am so unhappy, and I feel so—so degraded!"

The circumstances of my life have forced me the habit of self-control, but I was deeply shaken, and the very fact that I could not soothe her in her grief, that I could not take any part in it upon myself was further agony. Only one man had the right, but he had not a shred of that power.

"Allice! Allice! don't give way like that!" I cried for lack of something else to say.

But she could not stop. The flood had broken down the bars, and for the years of self-restraint, and for the time it swept over them as it would. Never before had I so longed for the right to protect and comfort her, never before had I felt so deeply that this right should be mine, but I rejoice even now to remember that I took no advantage of her emotion and, unguarded moment, though I would have given worlds to have put my arms about her, and to tell her what she was to me I did not even touch her, my hand did not even reach the falling face of her sleeve, but I stood looking down at her with death in my heart.

I could not stand it, and I walked out to the window—we were both forgetful or careless whether any others came through the door that stood open to all. I turned my eyes away and gazed out of the window, because it is too terrible a thing to look on when a woman you love is crying her heart out and you are helpless.

I stood there motionless and seeing nothing, while still heard her low sobs. Then they ceased as suddenly as they had begun and she called me. I turned around and she was standing before me, with the ghost of a pitiful little smile, that she had forced, upon her face.

"I've been weak and foolish," she said, "but you will forget about it won't you, Harry?"

She put her hands together like a child and she sight of Allice appealing to me as a favor for what belonged to her as a right, touched new chords of sympathy.

"I have forgotten it already," I replied.

"You are strong, Harry," she said. "Then why can't you forget about it? You put her hands together like a child and she sight of Allice appealing to me as a favor for what belonged to her as a right, touched new chords of sympathy."

"Allice," I said gravely, "I may be strong, but I could never be strong enough to forget you. I do not know what my career is to be, but nothing in it could displace you—though I have not the right to say so. You and I, and though it is unallowable for me to love you, I am and shall always be powerless to love any other woman."

GALLEY—36.

She looked at me with a thrill of delight through me. I suppose that every man in love is egotistical, looking upon himself as a sort of sun, but I believed that she was glad to see me, and I was glad to see her. Poor Allice! how often have I used that expression and how much she needed support and sympathy!

"Woman alone can effect sudden and complete transformations, that is in the appearance. Now she turned away from me, and sitting down at the piano again began to play reckless, defiant, and something from the French I suppose, because it had that gay lilt which I always associate with the French nation when it is in its cheerful mood."

"You see," she said with a little smile, "that I am not the coward you take me to be."

I was glad to see her again in her usual composure of herself, but the assumption of gaiety moved me almost as much as her tears. Fate was certainly in her most freakish mood when she gave such a woman to Geo. Grey.

"You were never a coward," I said. "The little air finished in a shower of notes like the high-throated thriving of a bird. Fate was certainly in her most freakish mood when she gave such a woman to Geo. Grey."

"Be careful with yourself. I do not know what it is to love, but I know myself, but there is some movement against you. I have heard fragments only."

Anxiety showed in her tone, anxiety was in her face, and I could not believe, but the warning, even from Allice, made no great impression upon me, and I received it with a lightness that was not afraid, I said, "in this struggle here over measures we give and take."

"That is not all," she said earnestly, "watch over yourself."

"I will," I said to reassure her, and then I left her at the piano, where she glided away again into one of those plaintive airs. From denunciation as I passed down the hall, and I feared that was an omen of evil.

## CHAPTER XII.

What Happened.

The next was a strenuous day in the House, devoted chiefly to the great measure, the Reapportionment Bill which now occupied most of our attention. It happened, too, that the lobbyists were crowded, making it impossible to see them in person, and they present, their bright faces and dresses forming a background of color.

Bucks at last obtained the floor and began a harangue of extraordinary violence. His language was lacking in grammar, but not in force, and he attacked the Peden Bill in a manner that was not devoid of a rude but serious logic. From denunciation of the bill itself he passed to its supporters, and then singling me out, he made a bitter personal assault. It was all wild, irrelevant and full of malice—the speaker called him to order again and again—but it made a sensation. I felt the eyes of all the House and lobbies turned upon me, and despite myself I was uncomfortable. No man likes to be abused, even though the abuse is false and the source unworthy. I wondered, too, at the venom of Bucks, but affecting carelessness I opened a newspaper and began to read. Once when I looked up I caught the ironic smile of Harrison, and another time I met the nasty, mean look of Connor, and then he glared at me with a look of hate.

Bucks grew more and more violent, and the Speaker beat heavily with his gavel for order. I distinctly heard the rustle of dresses in the lobbies as the ladies moved to get a better view of me, and I knew the sensation that Bucks was creating.

I felt my face burning under the gaze of so many eyes, and I did not know what to do. Bucks was but an ignorant mountaineer, and a demagogue to boot. It was not putting a high valuation upon myself to put a small one on him and consider him unworthy of notice, but on the other hand our State still believes that a man should publicly resent personal abuse.

Bucks was at last ruled down, but he had delivered himself of his venom—why he showed such malice toward me I did not understand—and when he took his seat there was a dead silence in the House. I knew well what it meant, all eyes were looking at me and all expected me to reply. I was pretty

to a quarrel, which I had not chosen, and in which I had no concern.

Under the pressure of an emergency one usually thinks fast, and while all were looking at me I made up my mind. I would take a leaf from Harrison's book. I rose slowly and with an air of great indifference. I spoke of the gentleman who had just attacked me and purposely I misstated the county from which he came. I said that I was glad to hear him and to hear his voice, intimating thereby that I had not been previously aware of his existence.

I knew in a moment that I had taken the right line with Bucks, as I saw a smile pass over the faces of the members near me, and I heard a low laugh from the lobbies behind me. I never looked at Bucks. Then I defended myself from the charge of being an aristocrat, an enemy to the real people. I said I was a farmer, and I challenged the gentleman who had attacked me to enter into a competition with me, whether in reading, weather, ploughing or telling the age of a horse or a mule at a single glance.

All this, I will admit, was very light and trivial, but I knew no better way and the House fortunately fell into the mood that I wished. I was able to excite frequent bursts of laughter, and when Bucks fiercely tried to interrupt, the Speaker ruled him down. I spoke for about half an hour in the same vein and when I took my seat I felt sure that I had suffered no loss of prestige.

Bucks sought to speak again, but Jimmy Warfield would not let him. The gentleman had already made the debate a personal one said Jimmy, and the rules of the House could not permit it to be carried farther. Bucks, black with anger, was forced to subside, and I turned my attention again to my letters, wishing to forget such an unpleasant incident. But when I looked up a minute or two later, Bucks was glowering at me from his seat, and when my eyes passed on to the gallery I saw Grey sitting there, his red face also turned toward me. He, too, seemed to be angry, and he gave me a look which certainly was not that of good will.

A sudden thought came to me—I was blind not to have seen it all before. Bucks was set upon me by some one, whose interest it was to have me suppressed, either Grey, or the man acting in his interest. I was to be harried by a man with whom I could not engage in a contest without lowering myself, as I had a mass of documents to read and of correspondence that must be read and of correspondence that had to be written. I did not know until afterward that I was at the time watched by many in the lobbies and that I was the subject of a new connection, and that one man would express one opinion and another.

The session lasted late, and the short winter day was already yielding to the early twilight when it adjourned and the House and the lobbies were slowly emptied. Nor did I know until afterward that I was the subject of this slow departure, many lingering to look at me and again to express divergent opinions.

I stayed at my desk throughout the session, and even through the luncheon hour, as I had a mass of documents to read and of correspondence that must be read and of correspondence that had to be written. I did not know until afterward that I was at the time watched by many in the lobbies and that I was the subject of a new connection, and that one man would express one opinion and another.

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